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The Missile

FEBRUARY 1912

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

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"None are for me
That look into me with suspicious eyes."
— Shakespeare.

THE MISSILE

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The Common Quest

HE lengthening rays of the setting sun, which, like a fiery ball, is just peeping over the top of the mountains, fall peacefully upon the countenance of a young man. He is slowly and thoughtfully riding up the road. It seems as if he is approaching the limit of his journey, for he sees before him only a steep, rugged mountain, topped by the sun-lit clouds.

This rider is a young knight, clad in a glowing court-of-mail, wearing on his breast an unblazoned shield, and carrying a sharp-pointed, glittering sword, girded securely in his brightly-colored belt. He is riding on a large, spirited, white thoroughbred. Deeply-drawn traces of care and a searching, seeking expression cause his noble, youthful face to appear in strange contrast to his prancing steed, his bright armor, and his gleaming sword—those usual signs of aspiring knighthood.

But who is this knight so young and so noble-looking and, yet, so seemingly sad and depressed? And why does he, alone and unattended, wend his way so slowly and so sadly up this unfrequented road? If we, seeing but unseen, could have followed him on his apparently aimless journey for the last two years, we could now readily answer these questions. He represents ambition and for two weary years he has searched through the world for True Success. His quest is but the common quest of all mankind. Is there a man who does not seek success? Every human being, urged on by some innate power, aspires to higher things, to lofty ideals.

Oft-times people start in life with wrong ideas and wrong motives, and although they may find success in some degree, yet they can never find that which brings happiness and contentment.

This young knight has the right motive, for he is searching to find out what true success really is. As a young, hopeful, ambitious knight he left his home of luxury and ease two years ago and has since wandered through many lands on this quest. As he, with great difficulty, ascends this rugged and, at times, pathless mountain, Despair arises within his breast and urges him to return. Ambition, however. drowns the voice of Despair and persuades him to go onward. Thus, he slowly and painfully continues his ascent, not knowing what the top of the mountain will reveal or whither that view will lead him.

When he, tired and weary, reaches the summit of the mountain, it is very dark. The stars, like millions of diamonds. twinkle brightly in the sky. Peering downward through the darkness, he decides that a small village must lie near the foot of the mountains on account of the numerous lights which shine through the trees. He takes from his pocket a long wax taper, lights it, and hurriedly begins to descend, hoping soon to find food and rest in the village.

Finally, he reaches the little village, which, even in the darkness, impresses him with its simplicity and cleanliness. As he rides slowly along one of the streets, he is attracted by the face of an old, gray-haired man seated by the open window of a brightly lighted room. He quietly dismounts and cautiously approaches the window. The room is snug and comfortable, and in the old man's face there is something which seems to tell the young man that he is kind and friendly and would gladly shelter him for the night. Unseen, the knight quietly leaves the window and knocks loudly and firmly on the door. The thump, thump of a wooden cane and the sound of tottering steps are heard, and then the old man opens the door. The glad, happy smile on his calm,

peaceful face seems to pour forth a ray of light into the darkness, as he talks to the stranger. He gladly welcomes the knight, bids him tie his horse to a tree in the yard and, then, come in.

As the knight enters the little room, the welcome aroma of boiling coffee reaches him and he sees the old man bending over the fire. After the knight has been much refreshed by the nice, hot supper which the old man prepared for him, the two sit down and begin to talk.

After the old man has questioned the knight and has learned of his story and of his quest, he says: "Nul bien sans peine." You have made a noble and faithful search and you shall shortly be rewarded. I, as a poor, neglected orphan-boy, have educated myself and make my own way in this world. While in the daytime I have sewed leather on and driven tacks into old shoes; at night I have burned the midnight old over my books and papers. Thus, by working hard and doing the best that I could day by day, I have thought out and given to the world principles and theories that have changed the entire foundation of modern science. Yet, in the midst of all this, I have lived in retirement and contentment in this, the little village of Simplicity. In my old age I have been named True Success and have been appointed to teach this great lesson to humanity—Every successful man must climb those mountains which you just toiled over; for True Success lies only beyond the mountains of Perseverance.

At this point in his story the old man paused, as if to rest his aged voice; and the knight, who had hardly been able to restrain his joy during the old man's story, sprang towards him and, embracing him, wept for joy. He was indeed rejoiced for he had realized his fond hope, had reached his goal. He had learned from the old man's story that "the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you can do without a thought of fame."

—Cora Rolfe.

To P. H. S.

THE golden shafts of waning light
Sent by the sinking sun,
Tingeing all the earth with bright
And lustrous colors, none
Of which are lost, bear in their swift
Retreat ere darkness falls,
Pleasant memories that drift
Back to the High School walls.

The breezes that in branches high
Whisper forth their song,
Now a hush, and now a sigh,
Bear the thoughts along
Upon their wings, and place them there
Where memory loves to dwell,
To school to many dear and fair,
That many love so well.

Thou, alma mater, first and best,
Though from thy portals we
Far off may wander, fear not least
Forgotten thou shalt be.
In distant land or lonely shore
We may perchance to roam,
But back to thee we'll turn once more,
Our first and dearest home.

Thou, who ambition's kindling spark
Or hope's celestial glow
Awakened in us, to embark
On life's voyage here below
Forever live in joy and peace,
And as bright beams caress
The gilded mount, we ne'er shall cease
To love thee, P. H. S.

M. C. Harrison, '10

East Hill

NE of the many places of historic interest around Petersburg is the old Bolling home, East Hill. The original house was destroyed by fire about fifty years ago, while Mr. Stanbley was occupying it; but the foundation of the house that now stands is the original foundation of East Hill. The building was erected by Mr. Robert Bolling who lived there during the Revolution with his wife, called Lady Bolling and their children. East Hill, as built by Mr. Bolling, was a large frame house, facing the river.

One April 25, 1781, General Philips, in command of the British army, marched from City Point to Petersburg and took possession of East Hill and there established his head-quarters. During the Revolution East Hill was the scene of many depredations. At one time many thousands of hogsheads of tobacco were destroyed and many more taken away.

On the ninth of May, 1781, General Phillips, who was ill, again established his head-quarters at East Hill. La Fayette, who was at Chesterfield Heights, cannonaded that place while General Phillips was residing there. All through the illness of General Phillips, shells were flying thick and fast over East Hill. It is said that, one day during his illness, a servant was passing through the hall when a cannon ball severed her head from her shoulders. This event is supposed to have hastened Phillips' death. General Phillips was buried in Blandford Cemetery, and it has been stated that the body of the servant, who was killed in his hall, was buried on top of Phillips' body, so that it could not be found by his enemies. Just a week after his death, Lord Cornwallis entered Petersburg and stopped at East Hill for a few days.

It is greatly to be regretted that no effort has been made to keep such a historic place as East Hill from destruction, and that no marker of any kind has been placed there.

—Elizabeth W. Drewery.

By the Fireside with Dickens

NE wintry afternoon, having just reached home from school, I went into the sitting - room and flung down my books and wraps, and dropped into the low chair before the fireplace. How pleasant it was there! What a bore it was to stay at school so long, just to organize that "awful" old Dickens Club! The most tiresome thing in the world! Who wanted to read those silly old books, anyway? Not I, I loved real art, and Dickens did not impress me as an artist, but as a caricaturist.

There I sat, for hours I am sure, toasting my toes before the coals. It was so comfortable! As the shades of evening gathered, funny shapes began to dance on the wall. I gazed into the fire, sparkling and crackling, now dying down, now blazing up again, and as I gazed, lulled half-way into sleep, lo! I saw a form in the glowing embers, a countenance that seemed familiar. The resemblance to some one haunted me; yet, I could not place it. How pleasant the features were, and what a world of kindliness gleamed from the shining eyes! The logs blazed up and I saw it more distinctly. There! it seemed to be trying to speak to me, but I could not understand. The eyes looked at me sorrowfully, and I gazed at it as if in a dream, but with a longing to know what it meant. Then it beckoned me to follow and with a strange desire to know what this apparition would show me, I went.

It led me thro' the pleasant lanes of Yorkshire until we came to a dreary house and stepped inside. Mr. Squeers, with Nicholas Nickleby at his right hand, had a half dozen scarecrows drawn up before him. One of them placed a filthy book before the learned eye of Mr. Squeers, who looked at it in a very profound manner, as if he knew the contents from a to izzard. Said that worthy man, "Where's the first boy?" "Please, sir; he is cleaning the back parlor windows." "So he is, to be sure," rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of

teaching Nickleby. The regular education system! C-l-e-a-n —clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. Wind-e-r—winder, casement. When the boy knows this out of the book, he goes and does it. Where's the second boy?" "Please, sir; he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice. "To be sure, so he is. Bot-tin-n-ey, bottiney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he learns what bottiney is, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system!" "O, this is awful," I thought, and wondered why my guide had brought me hither. So, when I asked him, he told me that this story had been quite a factor in correcting the brutalities of the Yorkshire schools and the neglect of education in England.

We flew swiftly on until we came to an ice-pond where our attention was attracted by a laughing, merry crowd. I looked and recognized Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller, and Mr. Winkle. The latter was holding on to Sam with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!" cried Mr. Winkle. "Not an uncommon thing on ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "These-these are awkward skates, ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering. "I'm afread there's a ark-ard gentleman in them," replied Sam.

This was highly amusing and I enjoyed it as well as the Pickwickian excursion, when Mr. Winkle, in his most graceful pace, was trying to make the horse travel with his head to one side of the way and his tail towards the other.

Some time after this we were moving down narrow business streets, when we happened upon old Schrooge. There he sat at his desk. Just then his handsome nephew came in, all aglow from his work. "A merry Xmas, Uncle! God save you!" "Bah!" said Schrooge, "Humbug!" "Xmas a humbug, Uncle, you don't mean that!" "I do, said Schrooge, "what right have you to be merry, you are poor enough!" Come then," said his nephew gaily, "what right have you to be dismal, you are rich enough!"

After leaving old Schrooge's, we crept along the street and stopped at a window, thro' which we saw a merry gather-

ing. There were old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig leading the dance, and about two dozen young people taking up the step. So swiftly and so deftly did old Fezziwig dance and cut that he appeared to wink with his legs and again without a stagger.

My guide and I were resting quietly by the roadside when we saw Bob Cratchitt coming with Tiny Tim in his arms. We followed him, and when we reached his door such a delicious odor of roast goose and pudding penetrated our nostrils, that we hastily retreated, knowing that one goose and a small pudding would not serve all the young Cratchetts and two guests besides.

This picture remined me of Oliver Twist, who asked for more gruel and was soundly whipped for the offense. The master, Mr. Bumble, was so scandalized that he called in the beadle, and it was his opinion that any one who would ask for more would surely end by being hung. Then my guide, also, introduced me to such an interesting character, Polly, the grown up child whom Barbox Brothers found one day. Altho' he took her to his hotel and kept her until her mother, who after all turned out to be his old sweetheart ,came for her, Polly thought he was a dunce and told him so because he could not tell her a story after supper.

One of the most touching revelations my guide made to me was the unlimited pride and devotion Paul Dombey had for his sister Florence. When he heard her play and sing, he was so moved by her dear voice that tears gushed to his eyes and he was unable to suppress his emotion. Another thing I learned and that was, if a maiden wishes to be really successful in life and to delight the heart of man, she must be a good cook, or if she is not very experienced along that line, she must be like Ruth Pinch of London Tower, who kept house for Tom Pinch, her brothr. She was so pleasant and charming that even if the pudding turned to soup, he thought she was so sweet that it made no difference at all.

My strange, yet familiar, companion now took me away from this and led me thro' crowded streets until we came to the "Old Curiosity Shop." We went in, and there upon her

little bed was little Nell. She lay at rest in the solemn stillness of her last sleep. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God. Her suffering and sorrow had fallen from her like a garment, and she was now a celestial form, radiant in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

"Goodness! What was that? Oh, the supper gong! My! where in the world had I been? And who was that with me? Who could it have been? Dickens? Yes, it was Dickens himself, I am sure. Was it not the greatest treat of my life to visit all those places and people with him, and what a mistaken idea I had about him all that time! My opinions were now entirely changed and I realized that Dickens was one of the kindest and most broad-minded men who ever lived. Dickens was an artist. He was one who had an imaginative and creative genius which could picture every phase of life: the whims and fancies of the eccentric; the trials, sorrows, and joys of the poor; the love, fears and desires of children and grown people. Dickens had a purpose in life and he accomplished it. In his works one learns how he strove to picture the evils of his day, and it can be justly said that by his books and influence many reforms were made for the betterment of the poorer classes. If a child needs to be entertained, if a youth needs to be encouraged and inspired, if a man or woman needs to have their ruffled spirits soothed, give them some books of Dickens, and we shall all agree that he is our "mutual" friend.

—Lillie James, '12.

WHO CAN TELL?

If Mr. Sinton is a deer, will Miss Emma Hunt?

La Neige de Janvier

"La neige! la neige! Comme elle est belle!" C'est ce qu'on s'est ecrie en regardant par la fenetre diamanche matin, le ept janerer. Le veille le ciel avait ete noir et menacant et maintenant la mere terre etait couverte d'une couche epaisse de neige et il neigait encore. Figurez, vous guel joli spectacle! Les arbres, les toits,—tout etait en blanc et des glacons de toutes formes et de toutes grandeurs pendaient partout. La terre avait l'apparence d'une terre de fees.

Mias des geus avec des pelles se sont mis bientot a abuner la beaute de cette vue en frayant des routes. Grace a eux cependant nous avons pu aller a l'eglise. Quand nous retourions chez nous la neige avait fondu un peu et l'eau coulait des toits. Mais il est devenu encore froid et tout a commence a geler. La nuit, en route a l'eglise, la lune s'est montree. Ensuite la terre avait l'air d'etre couverte de diamonds.

Lundi matin il a fait tres froid et je me suis promenee vite a l'ecole pour tenir chaude. Quand j'y suis arrivee, j'ai trouve l'edifice tres froid aussi. Il fallait que les enfants allassent chez eux. Ils en etaient tres heureux car ils desiraient etre en dehors et jouer dans la neige. Pendant l'apres-midi une foule d'enfants ont passe ma fentre et chacun d'eux a eu un traineau. Les garcons faisaient des boules de neige et les lancaient a tous passants. Il y avait de personnes qui se promenaient en traineau et les grelots sonnaient gaiment.

La neige a reste plus d'une semaine et on espere qu'il neigera encore bientot.

—III B French Class.

Much Ado About Nothing

SITUATED in what had once been the most aristocratic portion of the town, was a large, though somewhat rickety, brick residence. Set deeply back in a magnificent grove of oaks, the house at once suggested to the imaginative mind, such weird ghoststories as one might shiver over on a dark, blustering night. "I would wager that house has something of a history," a passer-by would say.

Not so, thought Miss Peggy, who sat within, placidly knitting before the blazing hickory logs which cracked and roared in the broad chimney, as if conscious of the cheery warmth they were giving. For years Miss Peggy had lived alone in the desolate place, seldom venturing beyond the limits of her own domain. Nothing ever happened to break the monotony of her quiet existence. Of course, there were the regular callers at the house; such as the grocer boy, the butcher, and other necessary persons; with occasionally a neighbor's boy, who came to return Miss Peggy's pet kitten, which had unknowingly strayed into their yard.

On this particular night, the cozy sitting-room seemed unusually inviting. Miss Peggy in her large easy chair, with her cat quietly sleeping on the rug before her, seemed perfectly contented with life. Yet, aware of the storm raging outside, she could not help thinking of the poor working people, wearily trudging their way home through the drifting snow. Above the cracking of the fire, the wind could be heard as it rushed madly around the corners of the house; now in loud sonorous gusts, then ending in plaintive wails that would have sent chills over any one much braver than little Miss Peggy.

For a long while she sat there absorbed in her knitting, entirely forgetful of the fast dying fire, until the now noticeable chill pervading the room recalled her absent senses. "Oh,

dearie me! how could I have been so thoughtless?" she exclaimed in a slightly perplexed tone, "to let the fire almost die out in this way. Well, I know what that means, a trip to the cellar for me to get wood and kindling. Oh! but that is enough to vex a saint, and on a blustering night like this too, when one is loath even to leave the fire, much less to trudge up and down two flights of stairs."

With that, she took up the lamp and kindling basket and started for the cellar. Down the long corridor, to a door at the further end, she softly crept, her foot-steps echoing through the dreary rooms. Cautiously opening the door, as if fearing each moment to face the end of a revolver, she peered into the darkness beyond. "Oh, I wish I had been more thoughtful," she muttered to herself, thinking the sound of her own voice would relieve her fears. But no, it only served to increase the profound stillness, yet she moved down the steps as if being pushed on by the darkness behind. "One, two, three, four, five"—she whispered, "only three more steps," thinking if she once reached level flooring she would at least feel more sensible, with a sigh of relief. But, oh! horrors on horrors, what could that be? From out the further end of the cellar came a sharp scratching noise as if some one were moving the planks of the coal bin. Miss Peggy stood a minute as if rooted to the spot, then, as if suddenly regaining her power of self-control, she uttered one piercing shriek, and dropping both basket and lamp, the latter luckily going out in the fall, rushed wildly up the stairs. She hurried up to the first landing, still listening to that awful squeaking, which seemed to be following her, then on up to the second landing, not stopping a moment until she stood breathless, locked in the dark sitting room.

"Oh, what an awful experience," wailed the terrified Miss Peggy, "and what a plight I am in. No light in the house and I am all alone, what shall I do?" Luckily the phone was in the room, but how could one find it in the dark; and, if once found, how on earth could a poor body find the number?

Nevertheless, after vainly trying all the numbers her scattered wits could conjure up, Miss Peggy was finally relieved by hearing a gruff voice at the other end of the line yell out, "Police Station." "Yes, yes, that's it, oh, do send up a man at once, something awful is in the cellar, nearly frightened me out of my wits, but never mind, hurry, hurry."

How she passed these next fifteen minutes, Miss Peggy never knew herself. Finally, after what had seemed ages, a furious ring sounded at the front door. Summoning up all her courage, Miss Peggy unlocked the sitting-room door, and talking loudly to keep up her spirits, almost flew across the hall, looking back at every step. Softly, she opened the wide front door, and in stepped a burly, red-faced policeman, swinging his club with a "strictly business" air.

"Anything wrong?" he asked very disinterestedly. "Yes, yes, there's a man in the cellar, and I haven't a light, and I was so frightened." The officer lighted his lantern and, following Miss Peggy's directions, sauntered leisurely down the hall, she following close at his heels and looking straight ahead. Down the first flight they went, the lantern throwing grotesque shadows on the walls; on the second, Miss Peggy almost shaking with fear. Still that squeaking noise seemed to come from somewhere beneath, growing louder and louder as they approached. Having reached the bottom, Miss Peggy clutched nervously at the policeman's coat, while he threw his search light around the low room.

Suddenly, he burst forth into peals of laughter, while Miss Peggy gazed in silent amazement at a rat placidly gnawing in a further corner. For a time she could think of no expression fit to grace the occasion, but finally drawled out in a most unnatural tone, "Well, did you ever?" "No, I think I never," the policeman managed to get in, after his laughter had subsided.

—*Louise Talbott, '10.*

The Scholarship of Service

THE scholar has been thought of for years as a whimsical, impractical person. He has been, in the minds of the many, a harmless, well meaning person, wholly lacking in practical efficiency and power. His peculiarities have been so dwelt upon and magnified as to become proverbial. The epithet "Schoolmaster" has been sufficient to relegate men of the highest genius and accomplishments to places of obscurity. This fact is due partly to the profession, but for the most part, to an evident desire of a people, on the one hand, and, so far as it is true today, to ignorance and lack of insight on the other. This conception of the scholar has been and does, to a great extent, coincide with the conception of scholarship. Scholarship, in short, has been made the sole attribute of the scholar, or, rather of the pedagogue; the ability to mass and absorb a great volume of facts and figures, with no equivalent out-put resulting. It has been, with the student or scholar, a thing more or less apart from life itself, the real sphere of scholarship and education.

In contrast to this idea, a new conception has arisen. It is not that our colleges and universities should become laboratories and workshops only, and our students merely apprentices, but it is that they should be contemporaneous with all that is real and important in our present existence. A world filled with untold possibilities of great deeds in the line of economic, social, political, and religious improvement is before us. Scholarship of Service means training for the realization of these possibilities. Any limitation of cultural scholarship is deplorable. The mission of the college must always be as has been said, "to direct and superintend the mental and moral culture." The design of a college is to make perfect the human intellect in all its parts and functions; by means of a thorough training of all the intellectual faculties, to obtain their full development; and by the proper guidance of the moral functions to direct them to a proper exertion." That is

a glorious mission and more glorious yet, it is being fulfilled. But there is another mission, still, of all education. It is the divine, the spiritual power of working into concrete life the ideals that have been gleaned through the ages by sedulous development. The American student has tapped a fountain, the waters of which are destined to become life-giving streams to all humanity. He has found a golden key in his process of education and is now unlocking the closed gates of life. On our farms he is bringing order out of chaos; side by side with his profession in the heart of India, Africa, South America, and the far corners of the world, he is belting the earth with rods of steel, opening districts of untold wealth. Earth, air, and the sea are being conquered in the realization of his vision of service.

He is taking a firm hold on the life and development of our nation. Economics, immigration, social problems are familiar in their intricacies to him, as a result of his training in the lecture rooms and debating societies. Thus equipped, he is laundried into life a foeman ready for the fight; ready to give the world a life of high efficiency; a life of scholarship devoted to service.

Over the grave of Sir Christopher Wren, in the shadows of the grandeurs of his architectural genius, is a simple marble slab bearing, in effect, the inscription, "Stranger, if you seek his monument, look about you." We have but to look about us for exemplification of this scholarship of service. In one place we see some man who is animated with this spirit, single handed and alone in the face of great odds, doing a Herculean task. In another, we may find a body of men filled with the idea, working quietly, perhaps obscurely, to fulfill this end.

They are the men that have come to know themselves and the world by long years of careful thought, of special preparation, and of sturdy independence. The world is not failing to recognize this scholarship. College and university men, experts in governmental science, are drafting bills that are enacted without alteration by our legislatures. In the State of Wisconsin, for example, when legislation is needed on vital

problems, it is referred to the University of that State for study; and there the bill is written. A grand instance of Scholarship of Service! The professor of Education at Harvard is at present studying the public school system of New York City, for that city, to bring about new methods and better service. Enumeration of like examples would prove an impossible task here. Need I tell you with what consummate genius Woodrow Wilson is serving the people of New Jersey from her highest seat? The man who but lately was only the "schoolmaster," but who now is New Jersey's deliverer from political fraud and corruption; and a mighty force in the entire country. Need I tell you how another schoolmaster, Dr.Henry W. Wiley, is doing an incalculable service to a nation by his zealous guardianship of her foods and drinks? Yea, the list is well nigh endless, but to name it were superfluous. You see the resistless force of such influences in our life.

We stand at the headwaters of the stream: ours is a golden opportunity. The great need of the country, and of every country, is for leaders. The tendency towards the commercialization of every noble endowment of man must be resisted. A true spirit of life needs to be inculcated in man. His impulse is to be a slave to his profession; an expert in all save the highest sense, the power of being in touch with the broader, fuller life of his time. There are hundreds of money makers for every man who is dominated only by a high view of life, who can think and act correctly and lead others to think and act correctly.

We are demanding experts in our governmental affairs, in education, in law and in various vocations. Let us demand further that these very experts be expert in creating a wholesome public sentiment; expert in leadership. Every profession is over crowded, we are constantly reminded; but there were never such possibilities for service to mankind as there are at present in the professional world: in the legal profession men are demanded who will put law, justice, and citizenship above profession and business. And so of other vocations. This is a

grand age; it is an era of opportunity for service, for construction, for leadership.

On the college men rests the burden of this leadership. It is natural for others to look to him for assistance in combating the evil influences. He is disciplined in letters, in science, in art; he has the advantage of higher ideals of truth. Out of the chaos of history he has seen what lives. Higher hopes, greater visions, deeper insight belong to him. He, of all others, should make and mold public sentiment; he, of all others, should be abreast the van, a "trumpet that sings to battle," in the face of wrong and defeat.

Let us who are standing on the threshold of life, with undimmed visions, with lives animated by high ideals and governed by impregnable integrity, behold in the distance vistas of limitless opportunites for development, for achievement, and for immortal service.

—*Arthur W. James.*

THE MISSILE

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Editorial

Every child has the right to a sane mind and a sound body. Nature gives nearly every child both of these when they come into the world. As a rule, those who have a healthy body have a more or less good brain. Keep yourself physicially healthy and it will be an easy thing to develop your brain. Ill health generates bad morals; good morals invariably follow good health. There are two great sources of health; one is healthful environment; the other is exercise. We do not mean by this that every moment of one's time should be devoted to physical training. On the contrary, we hold that, as physical exercise develops the body, mental exercise develops the brain. One without the other would be practically useless. For what good would mountains of muscle do a man, if he had no brains to direct the use of that muscle? What everyone needs is a certain amount of both of these—brain and brawn. The Creator allots to each a certain share of physical and mental strength. Should one be developed and the other neglected? Is it fair to the child—to what he represents, the future of our city, our state, our nation? Consider these questions. What is your answer? No! Yet this is exactly what is being done for the future citizens of Petersburg. They are being developed in one direction—mentally—as far as in any other city of its size. For their physical wants

practically nothing has been done. This applies partcularly to the High School students. The High School building is not only out of date but it is entirely unfit for children to stay in except in warm weather, for the heating and ventilation apparatus is so inadequate that it is impossible to keep the building comfortable in cold weather. We need a new high schoool.

"An idle mind is the devil's workshop"—it is the root of all evils. This is an acknowledged fact. Yet the youth of Petersburg, as a class, have nothing to do in the evenings save walk the streets or go to the "moving" picture shows. Since the building of houses upon the old ball park and the "Old Dominion" field, the boys have had practically no place on which they can congregate in the evening and engage in athletic games that are essential to their happiness and physical development. No one except the younger boys are allowed to indulge in the different sports in Central Park. The reasons for this are both good and many. The result of this robbery (we might term it such) of the boys' playgrounds is that they seek amusement either in the moving picture shows or exercise in walking the streets. Although we do not mean to detract anything whatever from the moving picture shows, we are compelled to say that the frequeting of such places is not good for the development of any boy's health. Everyone knows to what evils walking the streets lead. In a small city like Petersburg these evils are not, of course, as great as in the larger cities of our country. They are there, though, and that in itself is enough to make any sane person wish that some morally and physical healthy place be provided for the amusement of the boys and young men of Petersburg. School boys are shut up in school all the morning. They should have physical exercise in the evening. They can be given physical and moral training at the same time. There is one good way—build a Y. M. C. A. in Petersburg. There are more reasons than one why Petersburg should have one.

Athletics

Robert Butcher.

Did I hear anyone say something about the Petersburg High School track team? No! Sad to relate, I did not, because there is no Petersburg High School track team. It appears to me as though their success on the gridiron would inspire the boys to greater things, but, on the contrary, they seem content to rest on their former laurels.

If the boys would just show the proper spirit, an excellent team could be formed, because there is some very good material among the pupils of the school. Pollard, Kinsey, K. Booth, and Elliot would make a relay that should be able to make a good showing against any High School in the state. And besides those mentioned, there are others, who, with proper training, would come to the front and carry off the honors in the department of a track meet.

There is no reason whatever why the Petersburg High School should not have a track team, and it is sincerely hoped that they will soon organize. If they are going to do anything in this line, they had better get busy.

The extreme Arctic weather of late has put the girls' basket ball team on the "blink," just as it did almost everything else. On account of the lack of a gymnasium, the basket ball team is compelled to practice out of doors and so, of course, this cold weather has made practicising impossible. The team has not practiced for a long time and, as a natural result, is very much out of training; but, as soon as the weather moderates a little, it is going to get down to hard work, and get in fine shape for the long contemplated S. F. C. game. From what information we can gather, great things are expected of Misses Lawrence, LeMoine, Coleman, Banks, and Maria Jones.

School Notes

1911 has passed and with it our first half session. We rejoice with the successful and mourn with the unfortunate. Here's hoping that we may all succeed next time!

Miss Stratton has finally achieved her highest ambition; i. e., a "Golden Report" in the 1A Grade. Let us hope that it will be followed by others.

For any information concerning the peculiar actions of volcanoes, you are referred to certain members of the IV A Class. If they can not give you "bookish terms," they will, nevertheless, supply you with something entirely original. One of the numerous papers handed in on this subject stated, among other startling facts, that a volcano in Italy had recently "extravastigated" itself.

The many friends of Miss Pearl Burton of IB Class are delighted to have her back at school after an absence of two weeks on account of sickness..

Miss Virginia Epps, who has been absent for quite a while, returned to school in time to take her examinations.

The many friends of Miss Francis Drewey will be glad to learn that she is fast improving and hopes to return soon to take up her studies. Miss Drewey is one of the most brilliant pupils of her grade. She and Miss Virginia Ridenour were the two pupils of this grade excused on all examinations.

As no one in 1A2 received a "Golden Report" this month, their first half term record was not broken.

Alas! examinations have come and gone and old "Napper" caught several of us sleepy-heads. But who wouldn't be caught by such horrid, "treacherous" examinations?

Our friend, Miss Weeks, is much pleased with her promotion; but "dearie" ever keep a watchful eye, or "weeks" and months will, probably, make a change.

Much to the sorrow of the III A class, Miss Eva Baugh Prentiss has accepted a postion in a lawyer's office.

Mr. Pretlow Riddick returned to school after Xmas, because he feared he would be missed, as there are only four boys in his class, IIIA.

In the recent battle with examinations, the ranks of the IIIA class were sadly broken, and five of their number met their "Waterloo," while almost a dozen others received minor injuries. The IIIB is now quite a select class.

All of the present IVA class passed on German, which is not to be wondered at, since the examination was valued at 1,000 and .65 was passing mark!

A present IV B pupil began his examination paper on Latin with the following invocation: "Please mark this lenient; I need it." When asked why he did not add an "ly" to lenient, he replied, "I wanted the teacher to be lenient and an adjective is used to modify a noun."

It is rumored that very shortly a book of poems, the joint work of IV B boys, will be published. This little volume will contain poems of unusual thought and metre. We are breathlessly awaiting its appearance. Boys, don't keep us in suspense too long!

Everyone in IV A is so glad that Miss Rives is able to be back again and to hold her same room.

Miss Cora Rolfe of IV B, as usual was excused on all examinations. Miss Rolfe has had to take only one examination since she came into the High School three and a half years ago.

Miss Malloy, who has been absent from her classes since Xmas, on account of illness, has returned to school.

Mr. Frank Scott of the III B class has the enviable record of ninety-eight per cent on Latin and one hundred per cent on geometry examination.

We are indeed sorry to lose Miss Alice Hays from the IV B class. We hope that her eyes will soon be better and that, if she does not return to her school duties, we can count on her to send contributions to "The Missile."

Not only the pupils of III B but of the entire school regret that Miss Lelia Lassiter has had to stop school on account of sickness. Miss Lassiter has always been a "leader" and the school can not afford to lose such a student as she is. We hope that even yet she may be able to return to her classes.

A II A pupil was heard to remark recently that, in looking over his class since the examinations, he was pained to see that "many had been called but few chosen."

February the seventh was "Dickens Day" in school. Instead of the usual exercises in the morning we assembled in the study-hall at 2 P. M. to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens. The musical numbers on the program were well rendered by Misses Bain and Baxter. Miss James's paper, which is published in this number of the magazine, was exceedingly interesting. Mr. Paul Pettit gave the pupils such a treat that it is to be hoped he will come to see us often. His reading from "Pickwick Papers," Bardell vs. Pickwick, completely captivated the boys and girls. One boy was heard to say as he came out of the hall, "I didn't know their was so much humor in Dickens; I am going to read some of his books." Quotations from the author's works and facts concerning the author's life were given by the pupils of the various grades. Let us have more of these celebrations and let the citizens of the town come up to see us sometimes.

ROLL OF HONOR.

The Roll of Honor for the school month ending January 17, 1912, is as follows:

IV A—Miss Cora Rolfe, Miss Lula Hack, Miss Virginia Walke, Mr. Charles Sandford.

III B—Miss Lula Feild, Miss Lilla Gerow, Miss Lillian Powers, Mr. Harry Pillow.

III A—Miss Nellie Hood, Miss Agnes Stribling, Mr. Gustav Svetlik.

II A—Miss M. Francis Drewry, Miss Ann Riddle, Miss Virginia Riddenour.

I A—Mr. Richard Gilliam.

MAXIMA CUM LAUDE.

The following pupils having been excused from written examinations on all of their subjects by virtue of excellence in scholarship, deportment, and attendance were promoted "Maxima Cum Laude":

Miss Cora Rolfe,
Miss Lillian Powers,
Miss Agnes Stribling,
Miss Lelia Lassiter,
Miss M. Francis Drewry,
Miss Virginia Ridenour,
Mr. Richard D. Gilliam, Jr.

From the D. M. Brown School there are occasional scentillations of genius, as in the following:

At the Battle of Bunker Hill, the English and Americans, slipped down the hill on a suffused mask. (Confused mass.)

Can one be a hero without ever wearing a sword or leading armies? Yes, for when Moll Pitcher saw her husband was shot, she took his place, and carried on the battle, thus making for herself a name and fame.

The D. M. Brown School gave a Dickens celebration on Jan. 30.

There was a piano solo by Miss Lillian Westmoreland, compositions on Dickens; his early and later life, and on his child characters by Misses Jane Cabaniss and Ruth Ellis, and Master Arthur Wood; Recitation, "Death of Little Nell," by Master John Ribble. There was the presentation of two pictures, a portrait of Dickens, and "The Children of Dickens," by Masters George Goundy and Ralph Sherman. A song, "The Ivy Green," by Miss Rylands' class.

This was followed by a play, "Beating the Schoolmaster," from Nicholas Nickleby, in which Master Fred Riddle was Mr. Squeers, Miss Cathryn McKee, Mrs. Squeers, Miss Lucy Brown, Miss Fanny Squeers, Master Waverly Howerton, Master Wackford Squeers, Master Frank Quick was Nicholas Nickleby, and Master Montgomery Jackson, Smike, Fourteen school boys served as Squeers school.

The performance was a good one and much enjoyed. There were a goodly number of visitors from the High School.

Alumni

Virginia Meade Walke.

Mr. George Jones, who was in the class of 1910, the largest class in the history of the school, is now a student at Hampden Sidney College.

Misses Emily Peebles and Mattie Lee Grigg, '10, expect to graduate from the Farmville Normal School in June. We wonder what they are planning for the future—teaching or—?

Mr. Maxwell Levy, 08, is taking the law course at the Harvard Law School, Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Townsend Gerow, a graduate of the Petersburg High School, has, since his graduation from V. M. I., been appointed to a lieutenancy in the United States Army.

Mr. Reinhold Rogers, another graduate of the Petersburg High School, is head master of a preparatory school for boys at Charlottesville.

Among the former High School graduates who occupy positions in educational institutions of our state are Professor Hugh Bird, who holds the chair of Education at the State Normal and Industrial School at Fredericksburg; Miss Fanny Dunn, who has been associated with the work of the Farmville Normal School for several years; and Dr. Montgomery Bird, who is head of the Collegiate Department of Chemistry, at the University of Virginia.

Miss Mary Carter Tomlin, '07, is teacher at Kenilworth School, Dinwiddie County.

The Petersburg High School has reason to feel proud of Graham McManaway, who is taking a course in law at Richmond College. Mr. McManaway is, also, associated with "The Messenger," the college monthly.

Messrs. Saunders Gerow, William Armstrong, and Allen Perkinson are students at V. M. I.

Exchange Department

BEATRICE M. COLEMAN, *Editor*

"The Critic" is neat and interesting from cover to cover.

"The Monthly Chronicle" is a bright and snappy magazine with especially good cuts. But why not enlarge your paper with a few more stories and a poem?

The departments of "The Spectator" are a credit to the magazine. The prize poem "Luck" is humorous and quite good. The photographs of the champion players and the second team are excellent.

Hurrah! for "The Record." This month it is larger and brighter than ever.

"The News" is an interesting magazine and well gotten up. The stories and poems are particularly clever. This magazine contains many good cuts. It is an "all-round" good magazine.

"The John Marshall Record" is interesting from beginning to end. The school notes and athletic columns are well written. The criticism on "The Long Roll" is worthy of praise. "The Record" is one of our best exchanges.

We gratefully acknowledge and commend the following magazines: "The Oracle," Woodberry Forest School; "The Raquet," The Portland High School, Maine; "The Messenger," The Richmond College, Richmond, Va.; "The Focus," State Normal School; "The Iris," Philadelphia High School, Penn.; and "The William and Mary Literary Magazine."

A Few Pointers

COME IT SLOW OR COME IT FAST.

Optimist—Everything is so bright and picturesque. Look! Here comes your wife with her new "hobble skirt" on, I wonder what will come next.

Pessimist—The bill.

FELT IT IN THE AIR.

Father (Talking to friend)—Everything is so dull, I don't know what can be the matter with business.

Willie (Interrupting)—I suppose something must be the matter with the trade winds.

ONLY FOOLING.

A sailor was one day talking about his adventures; he was telling how he was once on a ship whose rudder was broken during a storm.

"The ship was fast approaching the shore," narrated the sailor. "Any minute we expected the ship to dash itself against the rocks; but as we came nearer and nearer, we found out that it was only a bluff.

GOOD FOR BAIT.

A sailor who was tired of the sea came to town to live. One day he ordered a ham, which, when it arrived, was found to have something the matter with it.

The sailor being very much exasperated called up the grocer and drily remarked that the ham reminded him of the sea.

"How is that?" politely inquired the grocer.

"Because it's full of skippers," replied the disgusted sailor as he slammed down the phone.

CLASSICAL STORIES OR STORIES TOLD BY THE TEACHER.

HIS AMBITION.

I tried, of course, to arouse an interest in art, and I was greatly encouraged when one of my pupils said that he wanted to be an artist. "And what do you want to paint?" I inquired.

"Signs" was the disconcerting reply.

A GOOD DEFINITION.

One small boy, confusing "martyr" with "matron" the word on the line above, informed the teacher that a "martyr" was an elderly married woman.

AN AFTER THOUGHT.

In school matters as well as money, it is a good plan never to trouble your principal.

TEARS, SWEET TEARS!

Miss S.—"Mary, why is there more salt in the body than sugar?"

Mary (Eagerly)—Because if there was more sugar our tears would be sweet instead of salty.

EAT BUTTER—EVEN AT 50c PER LB.

The following was given by a pupil on a recent physiology examination: "Fats and oils are taken into the body to help give the right proportion of grease and to keep the bones from creaking."

EVIDENTLY A TRADITION.

Miss H.—Who will give me a short sketch of Henry Timrod's life?

William, apparently sure that he knows, volunteers the following information concerning the Southern writer: "Henry Timrod was a great writer. He had a very sad life. During the war he was engaged to be married, but Sherman's 'march to sea' destroyed his license."

A SKIN GAME.

A very unruly boy belonging to this school ended his composition on "games" by saying: The English game is cricket, the American is base-ball; but my game is serving the Lord.

A member of the new class on Chemistry had this heading on his first experiment sheet: Observating and Perseizures.

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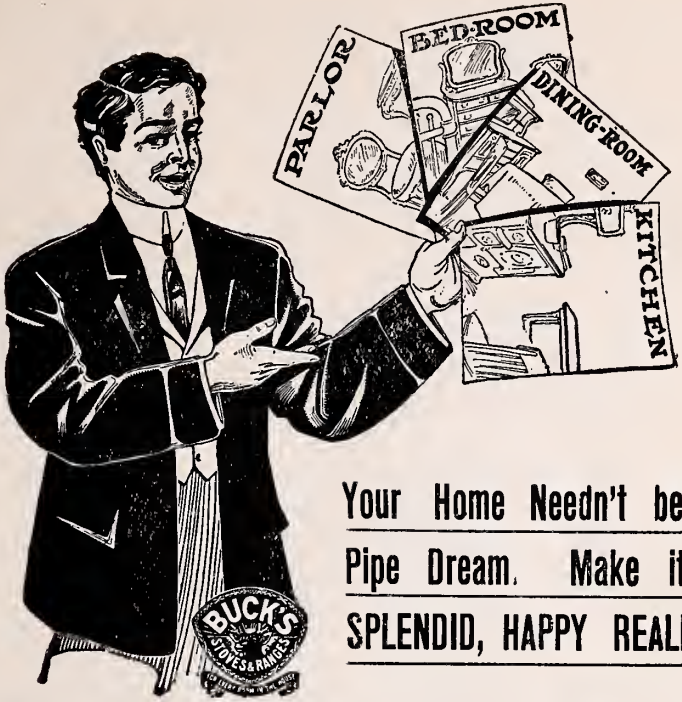

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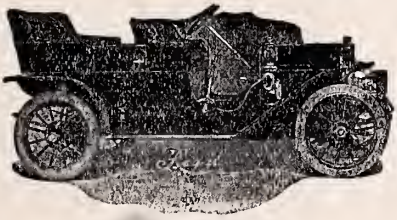

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